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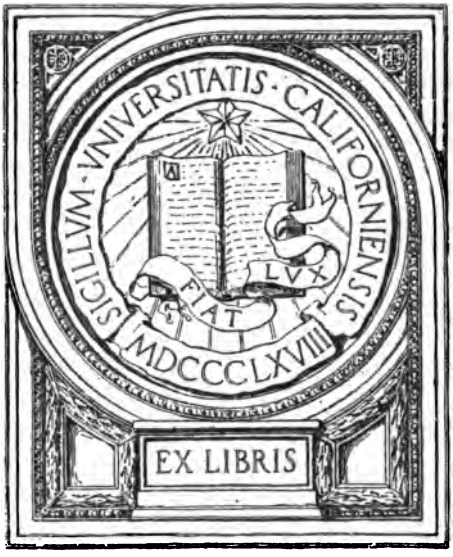

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CALIFORNIA

AND

OTHER VERSE

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Very truly,

Howard L. Tussy-

Hollywood, Cal.

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"LAND OF THE FAMED YOSEMITE."

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CALIFORNIA

AND OTHER VERSE

BY

HOWARD L. TERRY

AUTHOR OF
"A VOICE FROM THE SILENCE"
"THE DREAM: A DRAMA"

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE PALISADES PRESS
SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA
1917

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To the Memory of
My
Mother and Father

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Corrections and Revisions.

Page 2, lines 5 and 6 :

And far and wide this land is free
With beauty, wealth and brilliancy !

Page 6 :

"Sees God in clouds, or hears his voice in wind.'

Page 7, Line 9 of verse : symbol—symbolic.

Page 13, last line of Lake Tahoe :

These depths be my grave on my spirit's release.

Page 17, second line from bottom of page :

worketh—workest.

Page 19, last stanza, last line ; water—waters

Pags 22, first line, third stanza : are—art.

Page 43, second line : Oh !—oh !

Page 46, second line :

When my dad was a boy like me.

Page 47, last line of fifth stanza ; maiden—maid.

Page 47, first line of sixth stanza : buy—get,

Page 48, first line, second stanza: So-and-So—So-and-so.

Page 49, second line, sixth couplet :

Bright fires of brushwood burning in the gray.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The fine photograph of the Yosemite from which our plate was made was furnished by the Southern Pacific railroad.

"Joaquin Miller As I Saw Him" was published in *Out West.*

"The Volcano" and "The Spirit Of The Place" first appeared in *The Hesperian.*

Granite State Magazine published "The Last Oak" in a review; and "Peace" (first version) was in *The Living Church.*

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We print to please."

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STATIONERY

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The mist that lowers with dawn and dark
'Is but the veil of beauty's form:
The mountains rising bold and stark,
The commerce-laden ocean's charm;
And far and wide a world there be
Of beauty, wealth and brilliancy!
And still, to crown this paradise.
How proud, how fair her cities rise!
And copious streams about them flow
Through fertile lands that wait the plow,
Where bountiful nature yields her best,
Where man, if e'er he was, is blessed,
Oh, El Dorado of the West!

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YE SONS OF THE EAST

YE sons of the East! oh, arise from your dreams,
A sign in the heavens disturbeth your rest,
Steadfast and alone in its beauty it beams,
In silence it calls you—the star of the West!

Ye sons of the East! do you harken that tone?
The Wasatch, the Cascades, the Sierras call;
Through far, mystic wastes of the desert lands, lone,
The echo replies, to the glory of all.

The surf, as it breaks on the rock or the sand.
It voices you welcome, O sons of the East;
But gladder and truer than all is the hand
That's *waiting* to welcome, to serve you the feast!

THE SEA'S REPLY

I said to the restless Sea,
"O Sea, do you never tire?"
A great wave rose near me,
And then, unconsciously,
My face turned high, and higher.

A NIGHT ON MT. LOWE

THE moon hangs overhead,
The City lies below,
The mountain side is red
With sunset's golden glow;
The winding trail I tread,
The night winds come and go,
The roseate heavens spread
O'er yon far ocean's flow;
The breaths of the faint and first
Sweet scent of the darkling hurst,
Of the pine and the cedar blow.

. . . . . .

The day is done, and night
Is gathering with its chill,
A ghostly stillness quite
Enthralls the mortal will,
For the soul has taken flight,
Though the heart is beating still!

The depths about me gather
The shadows of the night,
The peaks the cold mists lather
With chaos, silver bright,
As the moon's beams, or, rather
A flood of heaven's light,

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Bathes the far heights and near
In her ethereal flight.
. . . . . .
I retire to sleep and dream,
I retire to dream and sleep,
Near to God, as it would seem,
Near to God, as I would keep,
With the clear stars overhead,
And the virgin world around,
Where but sweet thoughts are bred,
And to all good respond!

THE VOLCANO

I heard a mighty mountain clear its throat,
I saw it burst with lava and fierce flame,
I felt a trembling, and the crackling note,
And roar of streaming lava to me came;

I saw the heavens darken, and the glare
Of wild flame come bursting through the gloom;
I turned, and saw a city rising fair—
A moment more—I saw the city's doom!

THE CYCLONE

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in sunrise, hears His voice in wind."

I am the Cyclone,
Fearful and dreaded!
Fly I immeasurably
Swift o'er the country!
I am God's warning
When He is angry!
O'er village and city
I'm sent on His errand,
Dealing destruction,
Death and wild carnage
Midst a weak people
O'er whom I am master!
Oaks on the mountain,
Lords of their kingdom,
Sway and snap sharply,
And crash to the valley!
Ships are as feathers
And founder before me!
Lake, stream and ocean
Are tossed into fury,
Scattering broadcast
Spray to the heavens!
Temples of granite,
Massive and lofty,
Tumble and crumble
As madly I pass them!
I am the cyclone
I am God's warning,
He spoke, and I *am!*

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JOAQUIN MILLER.

GRIZZLED old poet, what a fate was yours!
You who had proudly sung these western shores,
You who had dreamed and penned your way to fame,
And had not for your title page a name!
Cincinnatus was too long for you,
And Heine—well, that name would never do;
And London waiting for her Western bard—
Then Ina Coolbrith played the saving card,
And called you "Joaquin"—symbol of the West:
To cap the climax, "Columbus" did the rest.

JOAQUIN MILLER AS I SAW HIM.

MILLER IS DEAD. In a quaint little cottage high up on the hills overlooking the Golden Gate, there has passed to eternity the spirit of a very great man—a man who could interpret Nature, who loved God, and his fellowmen, the man whom Tennyson called the greatest poet America has produced.

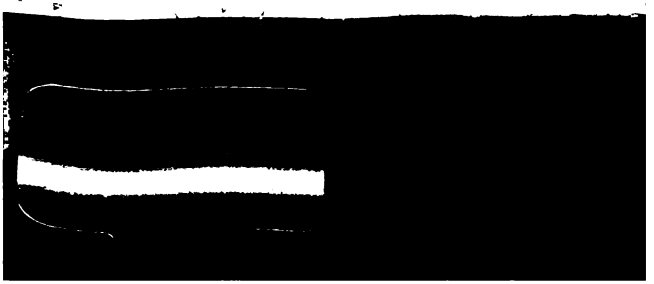
In that little cottage, bending over the massive, silvered brow, are the sorrowing widow, and the heart-broken daughter, Juanita.

Miller is dead. The world bewails his loss, but his poems will live forever.

Just one year ago I was privileged to meet Mr.

Miller, to grasp his hand and to talk with him.

Getting off the car in Fruitvale, I started up the long ascent that leads to "The Hights." In half an hour I came to the gate of the poet's home. I was weak and dizzy, having been suffering with grip, and paused a moment to recover before knocking at the door. My approach had been heard by the daughter, who met me at the front door, and motioned me to the side door, which opened to the poet's bed room. I walked around as directed, and on reaching the open door, saw Mr. Miller reclining against a prop of pillows in his bed. I shall never forget the picture that met my eyes. The rudely furnished room, bare floor strewn with trappings of outdoor life, boots, saddles, an axe, quaint Indian relics, shells, articles of clothing, etc., without meaning or order; the great wooden bedstead, a mountain of blankets, and that wonderful face and head rising majestically over all. Then a gleam from the poet's wonderfully clear and brilliant eyes—the eyes of genius—caught mine. I took off my glove and, walking up to the bed, grasped his welcoming, outstretched hand—and held it. A thrill swept my frame, the hand that had been grasped by Tennyson, by Browning, by Dickens, by Prince Napoleon, the hand that had penned "Columbus" and "The Passing of Tennyson" was now clasped in mine.



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My emotion passed away. I said:

"I have come to see the man who carried a laurel wreath from California to England to lay on the grave of Byron."

His mind reverted to those early days. He gave a quick nod, and said: "Byron made Italy; Byron said, 'The mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea.'"

"Yes," I said, "Nature is always the same; but man and nations change. I am sorry that you are ill," and turning to Juanita, "Yours is a work of love."

Juanita nodded "Yes." I was told to be seated, and a moment later the daughter brought me a glass of warm lemonade, and quickly followed it with a tray containing coffee and cakes. How thoughtful and hospitable. It was still early, and this was really a breakfast. The refreshments made me feel better, and we talked about many things. Being deaf, I could not hear a word, but Mrs. Miller wrote on paper all the poet said, and after a few minutes, seeing that my presence was undoubtedly tiring him, I rose to go. Mr. Miller said several kind things to me, encouraged me in my literary work, and expressed his appreciation of my call. Again grasping his hand, I bid him farewell, and Mrs. Miller took me to see the grounds and the cottages.

When Joaquin Miller took possession of the ranch, it was bare of trees. Now there is a great forest of nearly 80,000 trees, all set out by the poet and his visiting friends.

One of the cottages was the store-house of his Alaskan outfit, his tent and other trappings used on his trip alone across the silent wastes of the North. This cottage was formerly occupied by his mother. I plucked some roses that grew at the door, and these I still have. We next went to the cottage where the poet penned so much of his work. Mrs. Miller said that Archbishop Trench, the great authority on words, asked Miller where he got his words. She felt there was but one answer, viz., "Genius."

So passed the hour—an hour that I am to carry in my mind to the end of my days, an hour that I thank God for giving.

On arriving home in Santa Monica, I wrote to Mr. Miller, and this letter was followed up by an interesting correspondence. These letters, which the poet penned, and while suffering with the illness that should later cause his death, I now have in my safe deposit box.

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THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

IF thou couldst from a hilltop see
A bivouac of infantry
Far spread upon the grassy plain,
Where calm moonlight and silence reign,
Recumbent forms in quietude
Around the piles of burning wood,
And not a sound of good or fell,
Except the watchword, "All is well,"
That, like some unexpected sound
That starts the echoes far around,
And travels on and on until
'Tis answered o'er the distant hill;
Those forms a-weary, fast in dreams,
While from each stackéd rifle gleams
The flashing rays that dart around,
Mocking the fires' dance on the ground,
Rest safe from danger. Shouldst thou see
Advancing host from o'er the lea,
And hear the bugle in the camp,
Behold the waking, hear the tramp—
The dead spring into life again,
And din of battle on the plain,
Then thou wouldst know how sudden, strange,
Came consternation o'er that range
Of quiet woodland, mount and glen,

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Sublime in primal glory then,
When yellow gold, washed from the stream,
First startled man by its fair gleam,
And sent its message, world around,
"El Dorado has been found!"

LAKE TAHOE.

ON the crest of thy waters, O Lake of the north,
I float with the joy of a spirit set free,
For the angels in heaven that witnessed thy birth
Are weaning with song all my spirit from me.

Oh, the rare light that quivers upon thy clear waves,
Thy dark depths and caverns unfathomed by man,
And this frail shallop shell that so lightly behaves,
Ah, this were my world as my youthful dreams ran:

By those stern walls around me my safety's secured,
The pure sky above me gives promise of peace;
And my boat is my temporal haven assured—
These depths be my grave when my dream life would cease.

Be a boy as long as you can,
There's ample time to be a man.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PLACE.

THE spirit of the place is gone,
The scene a duller aspect wears,
And I am here, but here alone,
And God knows what my bosom bears.

The spirit of the place is gone,
The fuller sense of life is lost,
My cup was full with her alone,
I drank, and misery is the cost.

No longer mine the day's delights,
My soul is dead to music's swell,
The sunset's glow, the starry nights
Cast not on me their wonted spell.

I gaze with aching heart afar
O'er boundless waters, to the sky,
Perhaps she dwells on yonder star,
And living still, will never die.

I turn. the mountain's somber wall
Is as the barrier I must break,
If I would be within her call—
Up, up, my soul! arise, awake!

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AS I SEE IT.

TRY as I may I cannot see
Aught else but immortality:
We were before we touched this earth,
And will be by another birth;
For motion is life and eternity,
The breath in you and the breath in me,
The fiat of That which cannot die;
Though fail the earth, the stars on high,
It breathes again in the spirit free,
In God, the Birth and Maturity.

THE WORLD'S INGREDIENTS.

AND who will say that one is right,
And from another turn away?
He who made the winter night
Also made the summer day.

THE TITANIC

She might have come to port a happy bride,
Bearing her freight of beauty, genius, gold,
From lands afar, and in her queenly pride,
Unscathed by tempest or the Artic's cold,
Borne witness to the triumph of the age—
The height of art and skill, of mighty mold;
She laughed to scorn the billows in their rage,
Majestically beautiful, ne'er told
A dreamer of great dreams a prophecy so bold!

Two thousand souls, and not a sign of fear;
Oh, happy, happy hearts that westward sail!
Ye dream of loved ones till the happy tear
Of greeting springs too soon. Along the rail
Ye promenade in glad expectancy.
Low sinks the sun, and o'er the sea the veil,
Star-decked, of night draws on. In mighty glee
On plows the ship defiant of the gale,
Through fog and wave and ice she leaves a titan trail.

O Thou, who madest and rulest the universe,
It is not fit weak mortal ask Thee why
Thou worketh blessings or the sapping curse,
Enough to know that man is born to die.

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Two thousand souls, and not a sign of fear;
The crash of doom—the wild alarm—the cry
Of men gone mad; the end of all that's dear,
Ambition, hope, love, home, as suddenly
As 'twere the world had met a planet circling nigh.

The news was flashed, the news that shocked the world,
And peasant, statesman, monarch, men of power,
With dim eyes stood. The cold ocean curled
Its waves about the dead . . . . Slow passed the hour.
And then she sank, midst breaking hearts and tears,
And brave farewells from men of princely dower,
And agony, and terror, such as wears,
Deep furrors in the heart; and all was o'er.
The sun rose on a world appalled as ne'er before.

THE DESERTED SHIPS:

A SEA TALE FROM THE WEST

NOTE.—Some have said, "This is too much like 'Ancient Mariner.'" Birds of evil omen are a common superstition. The tale is the outcome of a report of the work of Government wreckers off the Atlantic seaboard. A sailing vessel had been found under full sail, in perfect order, yet not a soul aboard; the question naturally arose, "How did it happen?"

H. L. T.

A man from the Middle West was strolling on the beach, when he came upon three men, evidently sailors. They were telling tales, and the Western man paused to listen. When the story telling was over, the newcomer was challenged to tell a sea tale, and having noted the superstition of the men, entertained them thus:

"And how is this, my fellow men,
And how, my Sailors three,
That I possess such yarn as this
Who never sailed the sea?

"Oh, ho! you wink your weather eye,
I know its meaning well;
So you believe that I deceive,
No tale of sea can tell?

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"Then sit ye down, my Sailors three,
And hearken to my tale,
How night and day for leagues away,
Unmanned two ships did sail."

He was a rugged Western man
Who came to know the sea,
With eager face he took his place
Beside his comrades three.

It was a stretch of ocean beach,
The waves did roar and roll,
He fed his eye on breakers nigh,
That stirred him to the soul.

"Oh, ho!" he cried, "I like the sea,
I like the waves and roar,
Now sit ye 'round, your nerves I'll sound
With tale ne'er told before."

And they did sit as he did say
Upon the sands and shale,
And there he stood while iced their blood
That made their cheeks to pale.

"And how came I by this? you say,
A man of th' West countree,
Though rough my looks, I'm schooled in books
In tales and historie.

"I got it from my great-grandad—
He was a fearless soul—
He dared be free—he sailed the sea
Where'er its water roll.

"It was the good ship *Flying-Fish*,
With three masts pointing high,
As spick-and-span as any man
E'er sailed beneath the sky.

"And ev'ry man aboard that ship
Had vowed that he would try
To find that land upon whose strand
Man blest might live and die.

"Ah, simple minds—ah, foolish men,
That dreamed to happy be,
All free from care in th' enchanted air
Of island in the sea;

"Where suns are warm and moons are mild.
And gentle breezes blow,
Where men no more desire their shore—
Where lotus-flowers grow;

"Utopian land—a fabled isle,
Near famed Aegean Sea,
Where ills of Eld have been withheld,
And all earth's misery.

"Ah, well-a-day, and well-a-day,
Those foolish, luckless men!
Bright was the day they sailed away,
But ne'er to land again!

"They saw the golden sun go down
Where long had dwelt their sires;
They said farewell—they hailed the swell
Of sea that never tires;

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"They saw the golden sun come up,
The white-caps rolling far;
Theirs was rejoice with ringing voice,
From deck and mast and spar.

"Far to the south the vessel sailed,
And reached the Afric shore,
It passed the strait—the Mid-Sea gate—
They hailed the dusky Moor;

"By east and south—Calypso's isle,
Beyond the shores of Crete,
Fair blew the wind—far, far behind,
The sky and islands meet;

"But on the twentieth day they spied,
A speck against the sky,
It nearer drew, it larger grew—
They watched with fearful eye.

"And when that thing had neared the ship,
Ah, they were filled with fear,
Right well the crew its meaning knew,
Some dreadful doom was near!

"It was a noxious cormorant,
A foetid, carrion thing,
It sought a mast*—such sign did blast
Those men's fond reckoning.

" 'Oh, woe is me!" the captain cried—
He swore a fearful oath—
He drew his gun and fired upon
That bird which he did loathe.

"No sound it made, nor moved at all—
'Twas silent as a trap!
To scare the thing each man did fling
On high his sailor cap.

"'Thou art a solitary bird,
I know it by thy beak—
No bird could be thy companie,
E'en I abhor thy shriek;

"'Thou are a harbinger of woe,
A sign all sailors dread,
I will not rest, thou horrid pest,
Until I see thee dead!

The captain's anger scarce had burst,
When loud the bird did cry;
The fearful crew together drew—
'What's that 'neath yonder sky?'

"Far o'er the sea they saw a sail,
Full ev'ry canvas drew;
They raised the glass—alas! alas!
That ship the *black flag* flew!

"'Aloft! aloft!—set ev'ry sail!'
The captain's voice rang loud;
And louder rang—the sailors sprang,
And manned each mast and shroud.

"Tops—top-gallants—main and jib,
Were spread as ne'er before;
She swung—she dipped—she leaped—she slipped—
Like thing possessed she tore!

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"But still was perched above the ship
Which flew before the wind,
That wicked bird—it never stirr'd—
The sailors said it grinned!

"Ah, day on day and night on night,
The pirates chased that bark!
Now near, now far, 'neath sun and star—
By daylight and by dark.

"The hopes of th' ones they were high,
The others' ire was, too,
Who cursed and railed as on they sailed,
But close they never drew.

"Still perched that evil cormorant,
The efforts of the crew
To drive away that bird, or slay,
Were vain, and foolish, too.

"They tried by ev'ry means, but failed,
That evil bird to slay,
When near the thing it took to wing—
It knew the game to play.

"Hard strained the ship as winds increased,
But high she bore and well,
Until—a crash!—quick as a flash,
The straining main-mast fell!

"The mast the bird had perched upon—
That bird demoniac—
Was snapped, and fell—th' exultant yell
Of th' pirates wafted back!

"Fill high the glass—the fight is won!
We sing, who never died:
Their flesh and blood is fishes' food,
We are the ocean's pride!

"They sang—they drank—the orgy grew,
Till they could stand no more—
A frightful wreck, each stretched the deck,
The rum was running o'er!

"Oh, ghastly scene! ah, horrid scene!
As, one by one they rose;
They cursed—they raved—each face was grav'd
With terror . . . *What are* THOSE?

"About the deck a host appeared—
The spirits of the dead!
With weird shout they rushed about,
It was an hour of dread.

"The frenzied men were chased about
Like fishes scared by shark:
They raved, they yelled, by ghosts impelled,
Upon that haunted bark.

"It was a Babel on the deep,
Where minds, not tongues, were changed;
The ocean-swell the waves of Hell
That all around them ranged!

"There were two brothers in that crew,
Together always found,
Their minds were one as life went on,
Held by a common bond.

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"Of these, one fled with awful shriek
Above, about, below,
He seemed to see a spirit free
Close in to deal a blow.

"In vain he climbed, he dropped, he ran—
Close on his heels it flew,
With terror crazed, his cutlass raised
And stabbed it through and through!

"Alas! alas! what had he done?
There at his trembling feet,
With bleeding side his brother died,
He sank with moaning meet.

"Relentless spirit! heaven-sent,
They drove them, one by one,
To walk the plank—they yelled, they sank
For sharks to feed upon:

"Splash—splash—splash!
As one by one they fell;
The hungry shark arose in th' dark,
And bore them through the swell;

"Splash—splash—splash!
As o'er the vessel's side
The yells of th' men were terrible, when
They plunged below and died;

"Splash—splash—splash!
Was e'er a night so grim?
'Midst wild alarm the sharks did swarm,
And crunched them, trunk and limb.

"Splash—splash—splash!
The spirit of Justice bore
Above that ship with its rise and dip,
Till ev'ry man was o'er!

"And then a deathly silence fell,
Save waters lapping nigh,
Like that which falls in cavern halls
When lost men cease to cry.

"And they, the ghosts of them that died—
The men the pirates slew—
The task well done, like setting sun
To another world withdrew.

"Then o'er the sea the moon arose,
And grac'd that place of strife,
But all were gone—the ships, alone,
Gave not a sign of life.

"Oh, was ever a scene so fair,
So silent, beautiful,
Where just before was death and gore
And Justice dutiful?

"Oh, was ever a scene so fair,
On lone and silent sea?
The moon shone red, the vessels sped
In solemn majesty.

"And I am told that to this day
Their hulks are met at sea,
Lashed side by side they drift and ride—
Those hulks a moral be:

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THE MORAL

"Eternal law of righteousness,
God worketh out His will:
No land of bliss on earth there is—
Death follows those that kill."

He was a rugged Western man
Who came to know the sea,
With solemn face he left his place,
"Farewell, my comrades three."

---

*During the composition of this poem, to verify myself, I looked up the habits of the cormorant, and by strange coincidence, came to this: "Its voice is hoarse and croaking, and all its qualities obscene. No wonder, then, Milton should make Satan impersonate this bird . . . and sit, devising death, on the Tree of Life. Aristotle expressly says the cormorant is the only sea-fowl that sits on trees."

THE POET'S DREAM.

I'LL marry my muse some happy day,
A muse most beautiful, jubilant, gay,
We'll live in a castle up so high
The lowest portals look over the sky ;
I'll have my paper and pen and ink,
And sit all day in my chair and think ;
I'll spatter the ink o'er many a clime,
And bring it back in the form of rhyme ;
I'll sing with the muses and dine with the gods,
And measure my verses in poles and rods!
I'll company keep with the aerials free,
And I will love them until they love me!
I'll kiss their cheeks and smooth their hair
And dance with them on their plain of air,
And quaff a cup of nectar cold
As they did in Olympian days of old ;
And when with rhyme there is nothing to do
I'll send a loving epistle to you,
And cancel its stamp with a kiss or two!
Oh! a poet ne'er knowing a tear or sigh
Will I be in my castle, up in the sky.
The people with glasses on earth below
Will climb a high mountain to look at me, oh!
And I'll toss them bunches of roses sweet,
And sugared cakes the muses eat.
My food, served up in a crystal dish,

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Choicer by far than a god would wish :
Ambrosia, nectar and roses' dew,
And a dash of wine old Bacchus drew
From an antideluvian keg!
Safe in my castle, up in the sky,
Merrily living as time goes by,
I'll pass my days and pen my dreams
Where the moon and the stars flirt with their beams,
And there I'll reap, and there I'll sow,
Nor taste the sorrows of earth below!

A POET.

A poet is a thing that starves to death!
The while he sings immortal songs to cheer
A dying cause to victory—the wreath,
Or laurel crown's awarded at the bier;
The rhymer is the aper of the bard,
He gets the cash from penny magazines,
And wears good clothes and dines him like a lord,
The while the poet counts his navy beans!
He dies and is forgotten in a year :
Ah, fame's a tempting thing, but food just now is dear!

THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

AND he is dead, the child whom Genius crowned,
And left to Poverty's remorseless will.
Here, in this shabby room, the corpse was found,
The poison phial did here its mission fill;
The priceless manuscripts his mind produced
In shreds about him lay, their worth unknown
To a cold world, whose apathy induced
The fatal deed. Too early he had grown
Above the world's mentality, and chose
The unknown state, by desperation driven.
The tragic scene before my vision grows :
Neglected worth to self-destruction given!
Peace, peace! another star bejewels the heaven!

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THE LAST OAK

Strike me not, O sturdy woodsman, while as yet I am not dead,
Centuries have rolled beneath me since I raised o'er earth my head,
And I stand, a lonely monarch—for my race has passed away—
Looking at the stars at even, and the busy world by day.

I have seen my comrades falling, all around me, one by one,
So I ask you leave me standing till my lease of life is run,
Then, when all my leaves have fallen, and my limbs are hanging low,
And I feel no more the raindrop, or the winter's sturdy blow;

When my trunk is dry and rotting, and my roots imbibe no more,
Fell me, and, while I am falling, listen to my crash and roar!
With me then shall go the stories which the ages caused to be,
From the Saxons' early coming through the days of Chivalry;

When I saw the fields about me soaking oft with human blood,
Conflicts waged by greedy nations coming hence from o'er the flood;
When I learned the sign of battle in the night so clear and still

By the glim'ring campfires burning brightly on the distant hill;
When I saw the knights in armor on their chargers ride afield,
And the hills returned the echoes when the brazen trumpets pealed.
England, gardenland of warfare, nourished with the nation's blood!
All thy conflicts I have witnessed through my days of hardihood.
Nightly would the Dryads gather round my trunk so huge and strong,
Like the Druids round their altar, told in story and in song.
History's pages, slowly turning, gave me wonder day by day,
Age surpassing age I witnessed, superstition giving way.
Ceased to sound the shrilly trumpet, ceased to ride the gallant knight—
Gone those days of mighty conquest—gone the burnished armor bright!
Then I saw the cities round me raise their spires high in air,
And I often said within me, "Slowly grows the world more fair."
But, alas! while all was gaining, I was losing, day by day,
From the surging, restless progress slow my comrades passed away.
Where are they? I cry, I shudder; you have robbed me, let me be,

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Use your axe upon another—strike not such an agéd tree!
I will hurl my limbs upon you, crush your dwelling with my breath,
In your dreams I'll fall upon you, mock your agonies of death!
If again you choose to strike me with your tempered blade of steel,
So again I tell you, leave me, ere my warning words are real!
Ah, he hears me, every moment, like the years his form recedes,
While my soul on happier ages of a glorious future feeds!

"SUNSET"

I love my home, my cheery hearth,
And all that's true and good on earth,
And all that warms and all that cheers,
And all that drives away our fears,
And her who doth abide with me,
And these fair children on my knee,
And Him who blesses this dear home,
And guides my steps where'er I roam.

O Home, O sweet composure!
When from the world's exposure,
Into thy welcoming rooms I go,
And feel the fire's bright, warming glow,
And greet the loved ones waiting near,
What bliss on earth is half so dear?

We often longed for other joys,
When these would seem to tame,
And sought the scenes where gold decoys,
And makes or wrecks a name,
And passed the days in pleasure there
That mocked the fleeting hours,
Until this spot would seem as bare
As woods when winter lowers;
But oh! the bliss on coming back,
And oh! the comfort here,
And oh! the music of the crack
Of greenwood burning near!

Tell him who will, tell him who may,
Of joys both far and near,
But none will ever come my way,
However far and wide I stray,
To fill my soul so full of cheer,
To nestle to my heart so dear,
As this sweet home I've builded here.

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MY BREAKFAST

Here's to a dish of porridge,
Of grain from the Scottish reed,
Served steaming hot with cream that's got
From cows of the Jersey breed;

Here's to a dish of porridge,
Served when the frosted panes
Obscure the view of a scene that's new,
When great snows hide the plains.

Here's to buttered, yellow bread,
Of grain from my good barn,
The grain of the field of golden yield—
The golden field of corn.

Here's to a cup of coffee,
Of Mocha and Java blend,
Whose odor sweet and flavor meet
A fine contentment lend.

Here's to a wife before me,
Whose skill has put it through,
To beauty and strength and days of length,
And satisfaction true.

ELM SPRING

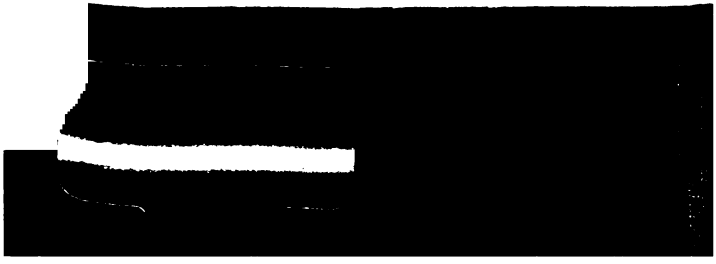
Below our farm a mile or so
The Elm Spring's waters rise and flow;
By spreading elm and towering spruce
It turns its crystal waters loose.

Around about it cresses grow,
Above, the wooded violets blow,
The cowslips in the grasses stray,
And ever the cooling waters play.

The rocks of old about it stand,
So rudely carved by the storm god's hand;
And on their dripping side so cold
The moss and the lichen have taken hold.

'Tis there the cows from pastures near
Come to drink of the waters clear,
And many a lover of solitude
Has cheered his soul in the shady wood.

And ever murm'ring waters flow,
And ever happy lovers go,
And ever, ever song birds sing
To happy hearts at Elm Spring.



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THE MARSH MILL WATERFALL

A Child's Song

My father has a happy world with a great fenc
around,
And there are many lovely things about my father'
ground:
I love the flower garden which my mother tend
with care,
The roses and the hyacinths and lillies pure an
fair;
I love to see the plowman in the springtime plo
the field,
I love to roam the meadows where the soft grasse
yield;
I love my gentle little cow with hair so sleek an
brown,
I milk her in the morning, and when the sun goe
down;
I love the funny little pigs that snort and grunt a
day,
I laugh to see their infant fights—I laugh to see the
play.
The barns are father's castles, oh! many a rain
day
Have Jane and I spent romping and a-tumbling i
the hay!
And how I love to climb the hills and hear th
sweet birds call,

Or listen to the music of the Marsh Mill waterfall:
The wheel goes round, and round, and round, for many a weary hour,
The farmers' wheat is grinding, and the miller makes his flour.
A spring of crystal water flows that feeds the rushing stream.
Down yonder where the valley slopes and sunbeams rarely gleam:
The hills are high around the spring, and dense the forests be—
Oh! never have I found a spot more beautiful to me!
The miller wears a funny cap and apron, spotless white,
He's busy, busy all the day and happy every night.
He used to make us little bags and fill them full of meal,
And write our names upon them when we came to see the wheel,
Oh! round, and round, and round it goes for many a weary hour,
The farmer's wheat is grinding and the miller makes his flour.
The miller loves the waterfall that makes his wheel go round,
And poet-like he understands the meaning of each sound.
He told me, every moment, every moment every day,
The waters in their falling sing to him this little lay:
"I serve thee, I serve thee! I serve with all my heart,
With all my strength and days of length, and all my natural art:

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"A hundred springs my being is, their births in mountains are,
And there I rear my waters clear to travel swift and far;
"I have no time to tarry, sir, I have no time for play,
My labors are my neighbors'—I serve them night and day;
"A thousand head of sheep and kine, as many horses, too,
Depend on me, my waters free, as grass does on the dew.
"I turn for thee, O Miller, thy pond'rous wooden wheel,
With all my strength and days of length my flowing grinds the meal.
"I feed the tender little sprouts that nestle on my bank,
The willow's root—a monster foot—the grasses growing rank;
"A purpose God has given me, to serve his children here,
With all my strength and days of length I live to bring them cheer.
"A bloody battle over there it was my lot to see,
And oh, the grief that found relief and soothed itself in me!
"And many a weary traveler has kneeled upon my bank,
With clothing torn and features worn he thanked his God, and drank.
"So onward, ever onward, with missions, toward the sea,
A life begun on earth to run for all that living be!"

"PARADISE REGAINED"

GEE whiz! I'm in the country, do you know
There ain't no place on earth that cheers me so!
The city's all right for them greedy folk
That can't see nothin' in this life but money,
An' sit in offices an' scheme and smoke;
But jest give me the fields, all green an' sunny.

I don't care if my gal's along or not—
The honey's sweet enough for me out here;
Yet I'll admit her presence'd be a lot
Of satisfaction if she'd stay right near.

Gee! Ain't it fine? The air's all cedar laden,
An' there's a blue-bird meltin' into sky;
That mockin' bird kin fool ye like a maiden,
Oh! in a world like this who wants to die?

Them little flowers creepin' in the grasses
Weren't made fer us big folk to tread upon,
They live and breathe as do we human masses,—
Them city folks don't know what God has done!

Hist! look at that! A little squirrel a-friskin',
An' watchin' me with two bright little eyes;
Mebby he's sayin' as about he's whiskin',
"What great big thing has come to Parrydise?"

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A SONG OF TWENTY-ONE

I'M twenty-one today, boys, I'm twenty-one today,
And, Oh! the happy schemes, boys, that in my fancy play.
I've got the world before me, boys, and though they say it's hard,
A buoyant spirit's born today no fate shall e'er retard!
I dreamed when ten that love was sweet, but, oh! as it is now,
You'll know, my boys, when twenty-one—I cannot tell you how.
A letter came from home today that I shall always keep,
'Twas penned by her who loves me true, who penned it but to weep;
And how that letter breathes her love, how Mother prays for me,
That how she guided me in youth I still might guided be.
Then fill for me the glasses, boys, I'll do for you the same,
When you have reached your twenty-first, the proudest hour, I claim;
And lift to me the glasses, boys, and touch them while we sing,
In ecstasy, the joy he feels, who's twenty-one in spring!

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MADRIGAL

THY sighs are breaths of roses sweet,
Thy voice, the music of the lyre,
And could my lips thine own but meet
But once, 'twould quiet my desire.

The soft love-light within those eyes,
Whose darkness matches raven gloss,
Is such, it seems, as angels prize,
But mine's the gain, and theirs the loss.

The magic waves that o'er me leap,
From pulse to pulse, from vein to vein,
When thy soft hand in mine I keep,
Is as the buds' when summer rain

With gentle warmth all lightly falls,
And to their fainting efforts yields
The nourishment their beauty calls
If they must bloom in bower or fields;

But when the lights are burning low,
Thy phantom form before me floats,
And love's soft passions gently glow,
While in mine ears are sweetest notes.

And there my rev'rie fades and dies,
The phantom glides away, and night
Steals o'er me, and my drooping eyes
Await Aurora's car of light!

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CONSTANCY

WHEN first I kissed that lovely face
It seemed that Nature and her race
Of fairy artists vied their skill
To make the fairest, and to fill
That single mould with all the good
That makes the charm of maidenhood.

Again I kiss that face today—
Some forty years have passed away,
The brows are knit, the locks are gray,
And round about it wrinkles stray:
The heart has lost its childish play,
The bloom of youth forever gone,
But still, unchanged, my love lives on.

THE BALLAD OF JENNIE BROWN

THIS rhyme of mine is a rhyme of the time
When our fathers were boys like we,
And they wore their clothes—as I suppose—
With as much propriety.

There lived in a town a young Miss Brown,
A lady of style was she,
And the tale I tell, it once befell
This lady of quality.

There wasn't a man (so the story ran)
In the old New England town,
Who was not aware of the lady fair
That was christened Jennie Brown.

Her hair was dark, and a heavenly spark
Would flash from her lovely eyes;
Her figure good, and as fine her blood
As nature could ever devise.

And many a dupe with awkward stoop
Had humbled himself to her;
And now and then the sensible men
She used her arts to lure.

Oh, as many loves as awkward moves
An elephant makes in a day,
Had young Miss Brown in the cozy town
Built o'er New England's way.

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But she threw them off with a laugh and a cou
And prepared the next to catch;
And she thought it fun, when the day was do
This jilting her art would hatch.

But there came a day when the men that wa
Had let her alone for good,
And the days she sighed, and the nights she cri
In her lonely maidenhood.

The days went on, and her lovers were gone—
Were married many a year,
And she mourned her fate and her single stat
With many a salty tear.

Her beauty of youth (I am telling the truth)
Was slowly fading away;
And she worried deep, and she lost her sleep
Until her locks were gray.

Her beauty was gone, and her cheeks were w
And her heart was sad, I'm sure,
When a happy scheme, like a sudden gleam
Aroused this maiden demure.

**She'd buy some locks from the milliner's stoc
Of a lovely, golden hue,
And she'd paint her cheeks, like other freaks
Who have had the art to rue.**

**She kept the locks in an ebony box,
With jeweled hinges bright,
And every morn the locks were worn,
And she put them back at night.**

And she was vain and young again—
At least she reasoned so,
And she went to a town, did Jennie Brown,
And captured a little beau.

Oh, a little beau named So-and-So,
So nice, so sweet, so small;
But he didn't know the dreadful woe
Into which he soon would fall.

She took him away, and her heart was gay,
And his the same, I fear;
But oh! and alas! it came to pass
That there was many a tear!

For the little boy, so nice and coy,
He wasn't a man at all;
And the little girl with the golden curl,
She wasn't a girl at all!

And now ye maids with lace and braids,
And beauty that cannot last,
Take while you can an honest man,
Nor turn them off so fast.

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FIRES OF BRUSHWOOD

BRIGHT fires of brushwood burning far away,
Lighting the horizon as the sky is turning gray;

Strong arms of Progress clearing for the corn,
Toiling late into the night but up with early morn;

Strong arms of Progress forging out the West,
Making pleasant lands for those that follow when they rest.

Here I sit adreaming, adreaming of a race,
Jew, Gentile, and Christian blood mingled by His grace,

Living in the peace of God in this most blesséd land;
Bright fires of brushwood, ye picture such a band!

Bright fires of brushwood burning far away,
True, come true, O happy dream that drives my cares away!

Fires of brushwood burning that lands may yet be free,
Fires of war fierce raging for lasting Peace to be!

LINCOLN

O, thou, the child of Poverty and Care,
If I would make a parallel of thee,
I feel I am not wrong if I compare
To Him thou followed—Man of Galilee:
In lowliness was thy nativity,
Thou noble offspring of the virgin soil,
Thou child of meekness and humility,
And noblest exponent of manly toil.
The care-worn face my cheeks the teardrops soil
When I behold, for thine was fire that burned
To light the world. Thy will, what foe could foil?
Thy purpose, e'en by armies ne'er was turned
From its wise course;—thy fall, a nation's groan;
Thy task for man performed, God took thee for His own.

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ENLIST

ENLIST is printed facing "Peace." The verse in italics is self-explanatory, and does, I believe, express the soul of every true American, assuredly so that of our great President; and if Peace is to be established only by war, then let us have war.

A blast of stirring music comes,
The shrieking fife, the martial drums,*
  And clarion call to arms.
Where is the spirit of your sires?
Where are the hearts such music fires,
  The dying bosom warms?

You see your brothers' sacrifice,
Must *you* be called for more than twice?
  And you my countrymen!
Our ships are sunk, our blood is shed
By ruthless hands with murder red,
  And Freedom calls again!

She bids each to her colors fly,
With heart of oak and flashing eye,
  And spirit of the free!
For never was her peril so great—
'Tis of the world, not of the state—
  For God her victory!

It is not ours to seek a fight,
But when the cause demands our might
  Our battle hosts arise!
They bear the flag in triumph on,
The flag of Grant and Washington,
  The glory of the skies!

Deep from the depths I hear a cry,
"Avenge! avenge! To battle fly!"
Our answer rings, "We come!"
I hear the battle shout afar,
I feel the cannon's awful jar,
Up, up, my boys! to arms, to war!
For freedom and for home!

*Suggested by the well known painting by Archibald Willard, "Spirit of '76."

PEACE

SING not the praise of olden days,
Their songs are sung for evermore;
But sing the ways of better days,
Of peace and rest from shore to shore:
A single day of heaven is worth
A thousand years of strife on earth.

When comes the jar of crowns at war,
When heroes fall and widows weep,
When shell and sword and savage horde
Are spreading woe on field and deep,
'Tis then, O God, in fulness comes
The meaning of the martial drums.

My native land! in glory stand,
But not the glory of armed ranks,
But of the fields and all that yields
Us peace and wealth, and render thanks
To Him in whom such blessings rise
As should make earth a paradise.

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Our pride of power, the present hour,
Still, still our greatest danger is;
O'er vision's sea appears to me
A cloud—but heaven save from this!
No heart and soul to heaven turned
Was ever by the Father spurned.

Then let us climb the heights sublime,
Let "Peace" in golden letters glow
Before our eyes to imparadise
This world perplexed with war and woe:
A single day of heaven is worth
A thousand years of strife on earth.

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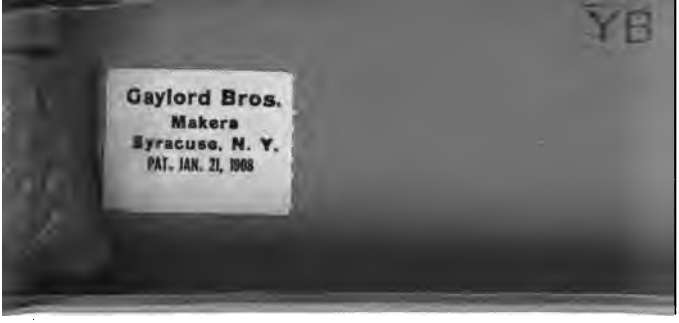
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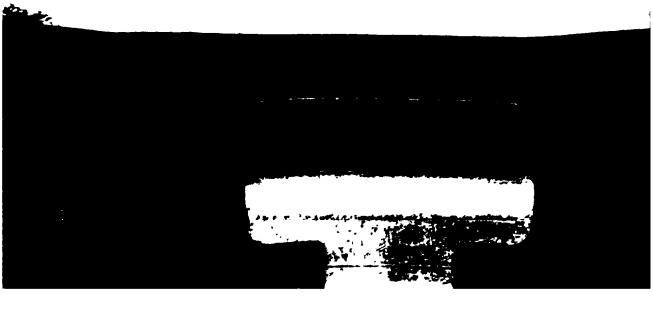

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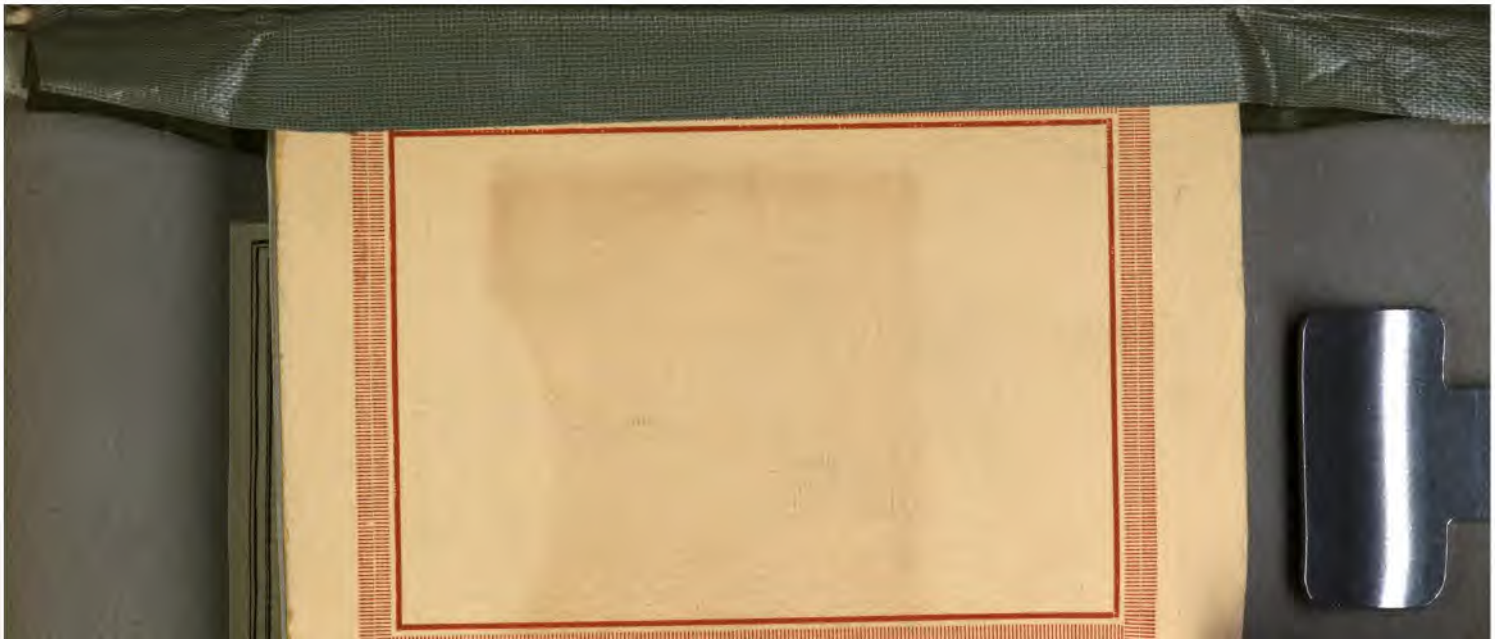

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